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LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

(Concluded.)

BURNET VAVASOUR, was a man, though a young one, of sense and observation. Among other valuable information he understood to perfection the art of idleness, and knew that enjoyment is a coy damsel, and not to be won by one who drones through his journey in a coach and four. So he rambled as his humour listed, attended by one servant out of livery, bearing himself in appearance and expenditure as became his rank in society—fashionable without fopery, and liberal without ostentation. It was, as we have already said, a sharp morning when he approached Elmhurst, and as he entered the village the hoofs of the horses clattering on the hard ground drew forth a multitude of gazers to stare at the stranger and his beautiful blood chesnut. The men looked at the horse, their sisters and daughters admired the rider and the grace with which he sat and reined his spirited steed.

His appearance was certainly prepossessing. Commanding in stature, his well-proportioned firmly-knit limbs bore the impress of strength and graceful activity. A dark eye with a clear bright beam, a broad fair brow partially shaded with deep brown clusters of hair, a nose inclining to aquiline, lips slightly parted with a careless smile, joined to open and intelligent features, composed a countenance not to be viewed without partiality. The villagers looked on the rider with respect, for the true gentleman, like the true prince,

is known by instinct, and the indescribable something which denotes gentility had been naturally spread around Vavasour in no sparing measure.

He was riding onward casting glances indifferently around him when suddenly they were arrested by some object on which they fell. It was Susan, who, busied in her garden, and intent on binding up a half-broken branch of her favourite rose tree, was unconscious of the commotion which the stranger's arrival had caused in the village; but as he passed her little dwelling, and the clatter of the horse's feet fell sharp and distinct on her ear, she turned her head in the direction from which the sounds proceeded, and in the same moment her eyes encountered those of the horseman. At the same moment too Vavasour, without knowing it, checked his steed, and raised his hat. It was not intended as a compliment, nor any thing in the nature of an act of politeness: it was done by impulse—it was the unconscious homage of admiration to beauty.

Susan blushed, and immediately changed her position, though not before the stranger, recovering from his delightful surprise, and aware of the impropriety of publicly noticing the lovely object which for a moment had dazzled his sight and bewildered his imagination, had passed on, and continued his course. Yet his eyes secretly looked aside, and perhaps there were other and softer eyes in which, if subjected to strict scrutiny, a furtive and momentary glance might have been detected as the handsome traveller rode along. However this might be, Vavasour passed on, and though he had intended only to breakfast at the inn, and proceed on his journey, he directed his servant on dismounting to look after the horses, and to bespeak accommodations in the house for a day or two, perhaps longer. He was too much of a traveller to neglect his breakfast, but that pleasant meal over, he rambled out, and it will not be matter of surprise that his feet involuntarily took the direction that led to the cottage of the lovely villager. She had left the garden, but the notes of her sweet voice fell upon his ear as she sang in the buoyancy of a contented heart, and now and then he seemed to catch a glimpse of her form gliding past the casement. Afraid of being observed, he proceeded a short distance, and again retracing his steps, perceived the object of his admiration once more employed among the roses of her garden. As she stood, he could view her

without being himself perceived, and he perused the beautiful shape and intelligent countenance of the florist with eager and delighted eyes. So intent was he in his gaze, that he forgot the requisite degree of caution—the gate on which he leaned flew open, and Susan raising her head at the noise again met the glance of Vavasour.

The confusion was perhaps equal on both sides. His natural vivacity had at once deserted him, and he stood in awkward silence unable to frame any apology for his intrusion. At last he stammered forth, “What beautiful roses you have.” She replied by breaking off a branch of the finest, and presenting them to him with such modesty and winning grace, that once more his dumbness seized upon him. He took the flowers in silence, and when in so doing their fingers touched—it was the slightest in the world—the blood thrilled through his veins with violence; whilst she, disconcerted and embarrassed, abruptly turned away, and entering the cottage, left him alone in full enjoyment of those enviable sensations which possess a man on finding that he has behaved precisely like a fool in the presence of the very woman to whom he most wished to recommend himself. It is very possible the reader may in the course of his life have been similarly situated, in which case it is needless to mention how Vavasour bit his lips and departed in a mood as far from pleasing as may be imagined.

Equally superfluous it may be to say that they met again, aye, and again; nor was it without pleasure on either side. If her unadorned charms and native sweet simplicity enraptured him by their novelty and purity, the manners and conversation of one whose natural talent and good sense had been ornamented and enriched by the extensive and various information which Vavasour had gathered both from his studies and his acquaintance with actual life, showed him in Susan's eyes as one of superior mould to those who had hitherto crossed her path. Her mind, though the opportunities of cultivation it had enjoyed were but few, was imbued with natural sensibility and refinement, and eager for improvement. Vavasour's literary habits rendered books, such few as his mode of travelling afforded the means of conveying, indispensable companions. From these he selected those volumes chiefly of the poets which he conceived Susan would best understand and admire. On these studies she entered with ardour, and pursued them with delight,

There she found expressed in the burning words of poetry many a thought that in her lonely hours had flitted across her mind unnoticed but for the moment. The melody of numbers soothed her ear, the beauty of imagery pleased her imagination, and the soft language of feeling saddened while it delighted and sank into her soul. Still there were passages which to her unprepared mind required illustration, and who so fit to give it as he who had opened to her this new world of fancy and mental revelling? She looked up to him with admiration and respect—feelings which her inexperience saw not were too rapidly deepening into affections of a warmer hue, and he gazed upon her with such delight, such curiosity to observe the first workings of a mind so intelligent, so unsophisticated as hers, that he forgot to ask himself whither tended this dangerous indulgence, this incipient, this growing passion. Fixed and habitual principles of action would have at once enabled him to discern and fly from the latent snare. Unfortunately those principles were yet to be established. Not that his intentions were decidedly bad—it may be said he had no settled intentions. But he shunned self-examination, and for such a connexion long to continue between individuals of different sexes, as free from stain as in its first inception, were worse than folly to expect.

Days and weeks had flown away in this slumber of the feelings and passions. On a beautiful evening so still that autumn's faded leaf stirred not on its fragile tendril, and the scattered petals of the rose slept on the bed where they fell, kissed by no breeze to bear away their expiring fragrance; on such an evening, when the misty shadows had warned the birds to rest, and hushing their song made complete the silence of the hour, the fond pair were seated within the little cottage near the lozenge-paned casement. Sunset was over, and a faint glow only hung over the dusky hills behind which the luminary had disappeared. The clearness of the evening sky rapidly declined into the dimness of twilight, and the small apartment in which Vavasour and his pupil were reading became too dark for the continuance of their occupation.

“I will tell Caleb to bring in candles,” said Susan; “the room is too gloomy to see longer.”

As she rose from her seat she displaced the book they had been together perusing, and it fell to the ground. Both stooped to re-

cover it. As they bent, Vavasour felt one of Susan's silken tresses float over his cheek. Those who know what passion is, know also how light a spark can raise the slumbering fire in its apparently most subdued, most placid moments. Inconceivably slight as the touch was, it burned like lightning through his frame, as swift and as destructive. A moment and their cheeks had met—their hands were clasped together. The pure atmosphere seemed suddenly to become thick and noisome, even to impede respiration. A suffocating heat seemed to fill the chamber—yet neither spoke a word. There is a period of passion when words are vain and impertinent—when scarce the eyes may speak, but the pulse throbbing to pulse—a nameless sympathy *that* conveys to one heart the associations of the other, are the only language the charmed and fatal hour admits. It is the hour that begins in delusion—that proceeds in madness—that ends in despair.

The dream was gone—the blindness that had drawn her over the precipice was dissipated, and Susan, awakening to the full knowledge of her wretchedness, found herself again alone, but far, far more desolate than when her father's death had first left her an orphan on the world. Then, supported by her own pure thoughts and conscious innocence, the tears she largely shed bore in their stream the sadness of sorrow; now they flowed with the corroding bitterness of remorse. Her lover, her betrayer, was gone; and she dwelt on the promises of affection that hung on his parting lips with all the self-deluding eagerness of hope. Yet her grief was unceasing. The morning awoke her but to fresh sorrow, to fresh regret; the evening brought slumber, but little rest to her weeping eyes. Those eyes lost the bright beam that once denoted the inward calmness and peace of mind that dwelt so fondly in her bosom; her cheeks retained no longer the bloom of life's happy spring; the smile of happiness played not now around her lips; her existence was blighted; her heart's peace was gone, and when that flies, the body's waste keeps time to the mental anguish.

Time fled, and he came not. Again involved in the whirlpool of the metropolis, courted and flattered, enjoying every varied pleasure by turns, he lost ere long the memory of the village maiden; or if his thoughts recurred to those distant scenes they were hastily banished, or their consideration was postponed to a future day.

That day never came. The heart that once turns away from the call of truth and fidelity will soon harden itself against the unwelcome intruder. So it was with Vavasour. A few months saw new engagements formed, and the newspapers in the usual formulary announced the shortly intended nuptials of the fashionable Mr. Vavasour with the accomplished and honourable Miss D. the eldest daughter of, &c. Unfortunately London newspapers rarely travelled to Elmhurst—unfortunately, for the hard intelligence they contained might, in destroying the last faint glimpse of hope, have closed at once those sorrows which thus were doomed to linger out a painful and protracted season.

The alteration in her appearance was too remarkable to escape notice, or to fail being assigned to its proper cause even by the unconscious inhabitants of Elmhurst. Vavasour's visit had attracted observation, and his sudden departure had fanned the flame of inquiry. Among others, the rumour came to the ears of the clergyman who officiated at the neighbouring church, and who had noticed Susan's regular and devout attention on the duties of public worship. He was a man of upright principles, and steady in acting accordingly; stern to the hardened and profligate, but kind and affectionate to those who, misled by casual error, sought to regain the path they had deserted. He came to the sufferer—became acquainted with her simple tale of woes, all save the name of her betrayer, which being unknown in the village, the clergyman was unable to learn. This alone she concealed, the rest she told without reserve. The good clergyman sympathized with her griefs, and poured the words of healing into the wounded mind. She became more composed; but happiness was fled for ever.

It was now when she knew that her fatal secret must be known that her native strength of mind became apparent. She shunned no eye—she withdrew herself from no occupation to hide her from the sight of her fellows. Her visits to the weekly service of the church continued: she affected no privacy, no seclusion. Yet was not this the hardihood of a callous mind acting in defiance of the feelings and opinions of others. It was the lowly and voluntary humiliation of a repentant heart conscious of its offence, and seeking its atonement in the sacrifice of a prostrate and broken spirit. Deep was the pang—bitter was the self-abasement to which she thus submitted;

yet she shrank not from it, but steadily proceeded in the work of repentance and expiation.

One day about this time the inhabitants of the inn were thrown into commotion by the arrival of a lately married pair on the way to the country residence of the gentleman. They had travelled early, and arriving at Elmhurst some hours before noon, the lady proposed a walk until breakfast was prepared. Her companion submitted though with a reluctance which she either perceived not, or took no notice of. He suffered himself to be led away in the direction which his beautiful partner selected, occasionally observing on the scenery, and pointing out the most pleasing views with the readiness of one familiar with the spot. She observed it, and asked if he had before visited the spot. He hastily replied in the negative.

They passed a cottage, the beauty and neatness of which called forth a pleased remark from the young wife. "Do look, Burnet," she exclaimed, "what a delightful, romantic cottage!" He raised his eyes, and gazing wildly on the dwelling, which seemed deserted and uninhabited, averted his head, as if some sudden pain had seized him. "You are ill, my love," said the anxious voice of his companion, as she marked his changing colour, and felt the trembling of his arm: "you are indeed. Do let us return, my Vavasour."

"It is nothing," he answered; "a sudden head-ache—nothing more—however, we will, if you please, return to the inn." They returned, and Vavasour seizing some casual occasion for leaving his wife, took his hat and again left the house.

The village seemed almost deserted. He walked on rapidly, scarce knowing where he went—wishing to make inquiries, but meeting none from whom he could ask. He speeded forward—he had passed the confines of the village, but still he proceeded. He knew not whither he went—his brain seemed fevered almost to distraction.

A noise as of the measured trampling of feet arrested his progress, and looking up he found himself by the church. The church-yard was almost crowded. He drew his hat over his eyes, and mingling with the multitude, took a station as free as possible from observation. There he stood, while the clergyman, reading with a solemn and impressive tone the beautiful service in which the very poetry of religion breathes, consigned the dust to dust and ashes to ashes of

the unfortunate and heart-broken Susan. The cord creaked as the coffin was lowered to its resting-place—the hard earth rattled on the lid.

A silence that told how much all were affected at the fate of their sister, who was no more, for some time prevailed around the crowd, where all were mourners. It was interrupted by the violent agitation of some one who had stood aloof during the ceremony. Those who were near turned to look on the author of the interruption—their brows blackened, and the looks that passed and repassed among them spoke their indignation. A confused murmur pervaded the assembly—the clergyman had retired immediately after the service—a half-suppressed burst of execration arose—the storm was on the moment of discharging itself, when the youth formerly mentioned as a lover of Susan's interposed to check by his persuasions the progress to violence. His mourning had been great, and gave him in the minds of his hearers a claim to attention and respect. Checked by his representations the rage of the multitude for a while subsided into the deep stillness of indignant silence, whilst one of the more prudent of the assembly, taking advantage of the pause, took Vavasour, and leading him, for he obeyed unconsciously the impulse which drew him from the place, prevented the too probable occurrence of actual violence. Yet still as he disappeared from the eyes of the crowd their hisses sounded in his ears, and spoke in language torturing to his ears their scorn and abhorrence of the betrayer of Susan.

In the interim some hints of the fate of the victim and its cause had reached the wife of Vavasour. A woman of fine and high feeling, she had loved and married him because she thought his mind congenial to her own—generous and full of a noble and exalted spirit. If to a woman's heart there be one pang more painful than another, it is to find the object of her love unworthy her affection. The wife of Vavasour felt that pang acutely and painfully. But she stooped not to complaints. One tear for the baseness of him, the dream of whose imaginary excellence she had so fondly cherished, was all she shed—for herself she dropped none. And where the union of hearts exists no longer, that of the hands, she felt, is but a mockery. They parted—the carriage which had brought her there conveyed her back the same day to her father's house. Immediately

afterwards a formal separation took place, and Vavasour resorted to the Continent, there to strive in a succession of gaieties and change of place to dissipate the gloom which enveloped him.

RAISING THE WIND.

To the warm breeze I penned a pleasant sonnet;

It was the first of my poetic trials,

And hoping much to raise the wind upon it,

I went to *William Pitt of Seven Dials*.

And *William Pitt* did pity my condition,

And gave me three and threepence for my verse,

And ballad-singers were in requisition

To set the music, and the strain rehearse.

When I had *raised the wind*, or got the money,

I called at a confectioners next day,

And there the cook—perhaps he thought it funny,

Had also *raised a puff* upon my lay.

E. A. T.

HENWOOD.

“ Now I remember those old women’s words
Who in my youth would tell me winter’s tales,
And speak of spirits and ghosts that roam’d by night
About the place.”—*Marlow’s Jew of Malta*.

In the reign of Charles the Second, there lived at Henwood Hall, a rook-haunted mansion in the county of Warwick, a joyous old widower, whom his companions in the revel and the chace were wont to distinguish by the appellation of Wild Ned Neville. The old gentleman had been a roysterer and a swash-buckler in his youth, and bore on his forehead a deep scar, which his enemies declared he

had won in a riot at Whitefriars ; while Wild Ned himself stoutly maintained that he received the wound at the battle of Edge-Hill. Be this as it may, he had certainly been a mad wag in his day, and would, even now, when he had cheered his honest heart with copious potations of claret, roar out staves which drove his daughter from his presence, or tell tales which caused a pious elongation of the orthodox features of his humble friend and very excellent chaplain the Reverend Josias Toadie. Master Edward Neville, for that was the title with which his domestics and inferiors usually greeted him, had long passed his sixtieth year ; but time had dealt kindly by him, and he was, like an old cask of his favourite liquor, mellowed, it is true, by age, but not deprived of one particle of his original raciness and strength. He was, indeed, quite a *young old gentleman* ; he mounted his beaver with a cock of juvenility, wore trunk-hose, and a rose-coloured satin slashed doublet of the court fashion, and buckled on his rapier with a rake-helly air. He could give the view-halloo to his hounds as loudly as the best huntsman in the shire ; and for drinking—there was not a parson in the country that he could not see fairly under the table. He loved a pretty wench dearly, and whenever he met one with a light foot, a cherry-lip, or a sparkling eye, he could not pass her without chucking her under the chin, or at the least without tipping her a knowing wink, or a side-long leer. Many people, indeed, scrupled not to say that he was a *dangerous* old gentleman, and fancied they detected a family likeness between Master Neville and the children of his gamekeeper ; but this matter never went beyond mere surmise. He hated the pope, the devil, and the puritans ; and he loved his horse, his hounds, his pipe, his bottle, and his only daughter, Bertha. He had, till the time at which our tale commences, led a comparatively happy life. His hounds were well hunted, and seldom at fault ; his cellars were dry and spacious, and his wine was sweet and good. He had never suffered a day's illness till he drank sour wine with the stingy parson of Yardley, and he had never been thrown from his horse except at the Brentford fight. But on the other hand, his patience had often been severely tried. The mange had found its way into his kennel, and his favourite horse had been laid up with the glanders ; the boys had pilfered his orchards and robbed his fish-ponds, or an occasional thunder-storm had imparted a disagreeable acidity to his beer and

his temper. Still, all these were but petty grievances, which might, for a time, ruffle the serenity of his temper, as a summer breeze will ruffle the surface of a mill-pond, but they would not disturb the deep-seated quiet of his soul. He would but let out an oath at the nuisance, or mutter a curse against the offender—and then after quenching his choler with a bottle of Bourdeaux, and being lulled to sleep by a tune on the virginals by Bertha, he would awake marvellously refreshed and tranquillized, and without one vestige of his former anger. But these halcyon days were now past and gone—he no longer boasted of the melody of his pack nor the fleetness of his stud—the genial red, which the ruby vintage of France had bestowed upon his comely face, was turned into a dark and sulky purple—and the small grey eyes, at the corner of which the ready laugh had always lurked, sunk in his head, and dealt glances of hate on all around him. In short, Wild Ned was an altered man—his lip became dry and parched, and the wine-pot was discarded for the water-bottle—his discourse, instead of being rude and uproarious, was dull and melancholy, and he gave up the company of his jolly neighbours, for the pious and heart-consoling conversation of his hitherto much-neglected chaplain. Great indeed were the sorrows of Wild Ned—his daughter was melancholy, he had quarrelled with his favourite nephew, and—**HIS HOUSE WAS HAUNTED!**

Henwood Hall was, according to old stories, the scene of a dreadful murder committed in the reign of Henry VIIIth. The old stories added, moreover, that the murdered victim, Dame Eleanor Doucette, sometimes “revisited the glimpses of the moon,” and disturbed, by her nocturnal visitations, the inmates of the mansion of which she had been formerly the mistress, and the inhabitants of the manor which had once called her lady. Ghosts are chained by no rules and fettered by no customs, and from time immemorial, it has been their supreme will and pleasure, to appear in the most heterogeneous and extraordinary forms. Dame Doucette, accordingly, had a fancy of her own—and a strange fancy it was—for, according to the testimony of that very worthy and respectable creature, “the oldest inhabitant” of a neighbouring village, she delighted, at the dark and murky hour of midnight, to take a walk round the moat which environed the mansion, with her blood-streaming head comfortably reposed beneath her left arm. All this, however, never

troubled Wild Ned—Dame Eleanor was talked of, but not seen—till, after the expulsion of his nephew from his house, his revels by day and his sleep by night were disturbed by noises of so dreadful and appalling a nature, that it was unanimously agreed they emanated from some unearthly being. Wild Ned discarded his nephew for introducing new fashions and follies, and principally for playing a recheat on the hunting-bugle in the French manner—a nation and a style he held in particular detestation. Certain shrewd personages, however, declared that the new fangled recheat had nothing to do with the expulsion of Philip Holbeche—but that sundry love-passages had taken place between him and his pretty cousin, which had fanned into a flame all the latent choler of Master Edward Neville. The truth or falsehood of these contending opinions it is impossible to ascertain, but certain it is, that, after the departure of Philip Holbeche, supernatural noises disturbed the peace of the inmates of Henwood, Bertha became pale and melancholy, Wild Ned grew thin and piously-disposed, and half the household were ready to swear that they had been witnesses to the nocturnal circumambulations of Dame Eleanor Doucette. Wild Ned could hold out no longer—his heart yearned with compassion towards his nephew—and Philip was recalled, but with strict orders to regard his pret' y cousin in no other light than the betrothed bride of Henry Greswolde of Solihull, who was termed, *par excellence*, “the Fool”—a considerable change was the result of this arrangement. Bertha laughed as loudly and tripped along the dance as lightly and merrily as ever; and the supernatural noises were partially discontinued, though not sufficiently, for the thorough restoration of Wild Ned's tranquillity. It was observed, however, that when Fool Greswolde made his visits to the Hall, the energies of the ghost were redoubled, and the mansion continually disturbed, till he departed to his lair at Solihull. Bertha was the only one who expressed no alarm at the ghost. Fiendish screams, devilish exclamations, and rattling of chains had little effect upon her. Wild Ned would nearly sink into the earth, and the Reverend Josias Toadie, though a strict Protestant, by his use of exorcism, holy water, the sacring bell, and other Popish ceremonies, brought a scandal on his cloth and the reformed religion—but Bertha was unmoved—while others were on their knees, she sat in her chair, and though she *did*

scream, her cry seemed to have in it more of merriment than of terror, and more of mischief than of either. Such was the state of affairs at Henwood Hall, on the Christmas-Eve of the year 1662.

Christmas-Eve had ever been a day of great festivity at Henwood, and Wild Ned was never in better humour. He had pushed round the flagon with rather more speed than is accordant with the squeamish gentility of the present day, and sang his songs, cracked his joke, and told his old tales with infinite self-satisfaction. The family was assembled in the great parlour, large pewter flagons graced the board, and the yule-clog blazed merrily upon the hearth. There was Wild Ned, with unsteady hand and roving eye, perplexing himself with a bird-net, which he was vainly endeavouring to repair, and ever and anon sipping, as if to gain a clear insight into the intricate business he had in hand, from a tankard of mulled October with a roasted crab-apple gaily floating on its frothy surface. By his side sat the Reverend Josias Toadie, apparently absorbed in thought; his head drooping upon his breast; and gazing, with lack-lustre eye, upon an exhausted flagon. In the huge chimney-corner lay, or rather, reclined, the clumsy carcase of Fool Greswolde—a dull-looking man of forty, or thereabouts, with a jolter-head, and a double-chinned, unmeaning visage; his attention seemed to be divided between the golden tags of his embroidered vest, and the pretty arch-looking countenance of Bertha Neville, who was winding a skein of silk from the ready fingers of her cousin, Philip. Whether it was that Bertha looked too much on the handsome face of her cousin, or too little upon the skein of silk, the chronicles say not—but the silk *would* become entangled, and the fingers of the cousins were frequently entangled in their often-repeated attempts to unravel it. Fool Greswolde observed their intimacy with feelings of great disquietude—the purple of Wild Ned's visage assumed a tinge of blackness that threatened a storm—and Mr. Toadie stroked his bands, and announced by a preparatory hem! that he was ready to second any observation that might fall from his respected patron.

“Nephew Philip,” said Wild Ned—“Nephew Philip!” he repeated in an authoritative tone, as he observed that he paid more attention to the silk than to himself—“that last visit to France did

thee no good. Oh, Philip, Philip, Philip, that after all this training, and all the pains I took with thee, thou should'st be such a milk-sop! Little did I think, that the lad who at five years old, could raise a half-pint bumper to his lips without spilling a drop, aye! and swallow it too—would at two and twenty leave his uncle and his bottle to wind a skein of silk—Humph! it is as bad as Ercles and Humpy!"

"Hercules and Omphale," said the chaplain with deference.

"Well, let it be Hercules and Omphale an thou wilt!" replied Wild Ned, sorely displeased at his chaplain's interference. "I give thanks to God that I know little of French lingo or French fashions."

"Omphale," said the ill-starred chaplain, "was Queen of Lydia, and Hercules"—

"Was a rank Papist I warrant me! Humph! I say the youth of England has degenerated—look ye there now," pointing to his nephew, "look at yon poppinjay with his curled locks and his peach-coloured doublet—look, I say, at his silken hose and his rings. The devil fly away with me if a years income has not been spent upon his back, and I'll wager a tub of Malmsey to a pint of small beer—hand the flagon this way—that he carries a dozen acres on his fingers."

"The youth of England, good Master Neville," said Fool Greswolde, looking complacently at his own unwieldy fist, on which no jewel glittered, "has sadly degenerated—and touching those curled locks, marry, Master William Prynne hath written wisely and discreetly concerning the unloveliness of the custom."

"Master Prynne was a puritanical rogue, and his aiders and praisers be little better than fools—God forgive me, but, after small beer and salt herrings, I do abhor a Puritan and a Papist most damnably."

"And so do I," replied the abashed Greswolde. "But when I was a boy"—(here a look of malicious merriment passed between Bertha and her cousin, and Wild Ned had chuckled audibly, while the chaplain pricked up his flap-ears in expectation of a joke,)—"when I was a boy, my heart inclined little to the vanities and gauds of apparel—on the contrary, I employed my time discreetly and soberly"—

"In darning stockings and fishing for tadpoles," insinuated the chaplain.

"In sowing gunpowder with the hope of raising a cheap crop of combustibles," roared Wild Ned.

"In cutting up cows to find where the milk came from," said the chaplain eagerly, as he saw that Wild Ned easily and merrily joined with him in joking the Fool.

"In lurking in holes and hiding-places, while every stripling that could handle a pike or wield a sword was by the side of his sovereign at Worcester," said Master Philip Holbeche with a look of most malicious determination.

Now, Greswolde, though a fool, had some portion of courage—but like the hidden fire in the flint, nothing but repeated hard hits would elicit it. But to be spoken thus slightlying of before his mistress, and by a rival too, who, he had every reason to suppose, was a successful one, was not to be borne—he started from his recumbent posture, and assuming what he intended to be a commanding attitude, but which the Reverend Josias Toadie, in a whisper to Wild Ned likened to the threatened air of an irritated gander—he swore a round oath, that "though his excellent friend, Master Neville, might, in the exuberance of his mirth, choose to fling his gibes at him, he was no such fool as to be a laughing-stock for e'er a Holbeche in the county."

Wild Ned was delighted—next to his bottle and his daughter he loved a fray—"to him! to him! Master Greswolde," he cried, and rubbed his hands together in the impatience of his joy, and danced on the polished floor, till an unlucky twinge in his toe reminded him most forcibly that his fencing days were over.

Fool Greswolde looked big, blustering, and heroic, but a few words from Philip Holbeche drove the colour from his cheeks, and reduced him to his pristine state of insignificance. "It is far from my wish, Master Greswolde, that laughter should have aught to do in that which may pass between us, and if you will favour me with your company for a few moments in the avenue, I will adduce arguments which shall convince you that I have not the slightest desire to make you a subject of merriment."

This address was equivocal, but its purport was understood by all present. Wild Ned bristled exceedingly, the chaplain put on

an air of terror, and Bertha's eyes, which the illumination of love rendered almost irresistible, cast imploring glances on her irritated cousin. All might have been spared—Wild Ned's anger, the chaplain's fright, and Bertha's glance—the Fool's courage had evaporated, and he declined the invitation on the reasonable pretence that a snug seat by a blazing hearth was far more desirable than a meditative walk by moon-light.

Wild Ned was by no means satisfied with the conclusion of the business—his intended son-in-law had been insulted, not to say bullied, by his nephew. Now Wild Ned thought Fool Gréswolde was fair game—but for himself alone—it was his own peculiar manor, and the interference of Master Holbeche he could not brook. “God's wounds, Philip Holbeche,” cried he, “an it were not thou art mine own sister's son, I would turn thee out of my doors. Swords and daggers! can we not sit here on our own hearth, and drink and eat in peace, and watch the burning out of the yule-clog, but we must be disturbed with your broils and battles. Fie! sir, it is proper there should be a right understanding between you and Master Greswolde.”

“For the matter of that, sir,” replied the nephew, “I believe Master Greswolde and I do perfectly understand each other.”

“Do you hear him? I say, daughter Bertha, do you hear him, reverend sir?” said the old gentleman in a transport of pretended fury. “God's my life, nephew Philip, an Master Greswolde were not the mildest as well as most courageous of men, I would not stand in thy doublet for all the wine in the Canaries.”

“I am not wont,” said the Fool, “to be so mild—but his kindred and this fair presence save him.”

“I would have you care, Master Greswolde,” said Philip Holbeche, “lest you find the same shield no protection to yourself.”

“How now!” cried Wild Ned. “Bertha, my wench, this is no scene for thee—I see how it all tends—I love thee, Bertha, but may I perish by thirst, if I would not rather see thee wedded to the ghost than to that scape grace, Philip Holbeche.”

“Never fear, my dearest father,” said the smiling girl, as she gaily kissed the old man's cheek, “I would as soon be the wife of the ghost as wed my cousin Philip.” She wished him good night, and the old man narrowly watched her countenance, but he saw

nothing to contradict the assertion she made. He cast his eyes on nephew Philip, but there he found nothing to excite his suspicion. Fool Greswolde looked gay and chuckled incontinently. He forgot the old adage—

“ There’s many a slip
‘ Twixt the cup and lip ;”

and fancied himself so secure of the hand of Bertha, that after her declaration of the abhorrence in which she held her cousin, he gaily quaffed a cup of wine to his health, and actually made some approaches to intimacy, by drawing his settle nearer to him. Wild Ned’s demeanour betrayed but little satisfaction.

The fact is, that Wild Ned was more than half sorry that Greswolde had so far succeeded in his suit as to make Bertha hate her cousin. Wild Ned disliked Greswolde—he thought him as inanimate as the ground he tilled, and less docile and good tempered than the horse which he rode. Yet to this man he was about to sacrifice his daughter—the truth of the matter is, Wild Ned was no economist. His hounds, his horses, his house, his servants, and, most of all, his cellar, could not be supported without an extravagant expenditure—he ran in debt—mortgaged part of his land to Greswolde—and, when threatened with a foreclosure, promised him his daughter in marriage.

The cup went merrily round the board—Wild Ned sang noisy ditties about old Noll and the Rump, and told marvellous stories about Edgehill, Naseby, and Worcester—which were heard by his guests with great good-humour and extraordinary patience, when it is taken into consideration that it was, at the very least, the fiftieth time of their repetition. He had just got into the marrow of his famous story about Prince Rupert’s cavaliers and Ireton’s round-head dragoons, and his audience, (with the exception of nephew Philip, who appeared more than usually wakeful and attentive,) had begun to exhibit symptoms of drowsiness, when an interruption took place, which at the same time broke the thread of Wild Ned’s story; and the incipient slumbers of his guest—a cry of “ the ghost! the ghost!” was heard, and the door of his parlour burst open—when in rushed—not Dame Eleanor Doucette—but all the

mān and woman-kind of Henwood Hall. There were butlers with thin legs and round paunches—old maids with bottle-noses and flagons in their hands—young maidens in full dress, and middle-aged maidens with none—young men with women's caps upon their heads, and young women with men's doublets upon their shoulders. There they were, the young and the old, the drunk and the sober, all kneeling in terror at the feet of their equally terrified master. The noises were terrific—doors were slammed—chains were rattled—demoniac yells were heard proceeding from all the upper apartments of the mansion—and from the frightened domestics nothing but “the ghost! the ghost!” could be elicited. “The Lord have mercy upon our souls!” cried Wild Ned, while big drops of sweat rolled down his cheeks, and his purple proboscis assumed a tinge of livid yellow. “Exorciso v-o-s in nomine Pa tri—s, Fi-l-i-i e-e-et spiritus sancti,” mumbled out the affrighted chaplain, forgetting himself and his orthodoxy so far as to make the sign of the cross upon his forehead. Master Philip Holbeche appeared in all this tumult perfectly tranquil and collected—he drew his rapier, and walked calmly and collectedly to the door of the room, and then with all speed proceeded to mount the oaken stair-case. Here he was followed by Fool Greswolde, who evinced on this occasion no small share of activity and courage. Up the stairs they went, side by side, and on the first landing was descried the object of their search—there stood a figure closely enveloped in a white robe—the head was imperceptible, and a red blood-coloured substance was observed under its arm.

The companions paused a moment—“Fair sir!” said Holbeche, “the peril or danger of this adventure shall be mine alone. I will have no companion.”

“Under favour, Master Philip,” replied Greswolde, “this is a matter that does concern me much, and I will see the upshot on't.”

“The wilful man must have his way then,” replied Holbeche, and at the same time a blow, bestowed by no friendly hand, threw the Fool to the bottom of the stairs, where, by this time, Wild Ned and his household were ready to receive him.

Holbeche stept upon the landing-place—the figure advanced towards him, and in a moment they were locked in a close embrace—“My lovely Bertha! haste, I have secured every thing—our horse

is ready—and our brave allies have well won their hundred marks. Away!"—

In a paroxysm of terror, Wild Ned and his affrighted household beheld Philip Holbeche led away by the spectre. He swore, and raved, and wept, and prayed—he had never known misery till that hour—but the worst was to come. Two of the gamekeepers, who had not made their appearance before, now advanced, and exclaimed in accents of terror, that they had seen Dame Doucette riding on a coal-black charger at full speed, with Philip Holbeche behind her. A new thought now struck the unhappy Neville—"Dolts! fools! knaves! look to your mistress—where is my daughter?"

Search was made, but Bertha Neville was no where to be found. "Master Greswolde," said the wretched old man, "if you be a pretty man, ride forth, and return not till you have found my daughter."

"Master Neville," replied Greswolde, writhing with pain from his fall, "I will do part of your bidding—I will ride forth—but it shall be to my own mansion. As for your daughter, and our purpose of intermarriage, I'll have none on't. A Greswolde will have naught to do with a family that is in league with all the devils in hell. Farewell!"

Wild Ned made no reply, but was carried in a state of insensibility to his chamber. Many days however did not elapse before he was restored to tranquillity by the re-appearance of his daughter and her husband—and some years afterwards when Fool Greswolde called at Henwood for the payment of the monies due to him, he found Wild Ned as merry as ever, and dandling on his knees a brace of spectre grand-children.

The part of the ghost had been all along enacted by two gamekeepers in the pay of Philip Holbeche, the distance between the wall and wainscoating was favourable for their operations, and they had contrived by getting behind it to make the noises which were so long a source of alarm to the inhabitants of Henwood.*

B. J.

* Henwood Hall no longer exists, having been taken down lately. The trick of the ghost, however, was successfully practised there a few years ago, when two old women were by (supposed) supernatural noises frightened into a surrender of the premises. The ghost in this case was a relation who envied the old women the possession of the house and farm. S. S.

THE WADHAM BEER.

A LAY BY SEVERAL HANDS.

Now *Tournay* sate at the high table, and
 Good humour sparkled on his brow, for he
 Was humoursome—and though he had command
 O'er all the college, his authority
 He ne'er abused—and I would have him stand
 A model, that each governor might see
 How well he ruled his college, and, though small
 In size, his intellect surpassed them all.

For why, for why?—he ever slaked his thirst
 In Wadham Beer—the best of drink I vow—
 And when I say the best, I mean the first—
 But, O, digression, what a thing art thou!
 Bane of each poet—aye, of best and worst—
 That *quondam* wrote, and eke those writing now.
 Poets! avoid Castalia's fountain clear,
 Would ye pen verses, drink of Wadham Beer.

Had they but tasted Wadham Beer—why they
 Had ne'er been prosy, or had failed in wit—
 But might have sate them down and rhymed away,
 Nor thought it cursed to read what they had writ.
 'Twould have thrown inspiration in each lay,
 And saved some verses from the cinder pit.
 Id est, that hell the dusthole—certain fate
 Of nonsense 'scaping from the fiery grate.

But shall I waste my time?—O, no—for see
 Good *Tournay* raises to his lips the *Tun*,
 Brimful of Wadham nectar. With what glee
 He smacks it off, nor is there any one
 Refuses pledge for pledge—and jollity
 Reigns in all hearts and bosoms, while the sun,
 That peeps him through the casement bright and clear,
 Cheers not the heart one half like Wadham Beer.

O, thou true Hippocrene, famed Wadham Beer !
Inspire me, I'm beginning to narrate
Thy virtues—yes, sir reader, you may sneer,
And peradventure think me bribed to prate—
But have you tasted, and liked not ?—I here
Swear you know not what's good—and I will state
Why you do not —But stay, sir, *I* am posed—
Tournay's had grace—the buttery is closed.

G. G. B.

O, tell me no more of the blue eyes of Nancy !
O, trouble me not with the maid I adore !
Think not your love stories can tickle my fancy,
Unless you would have me to vote you a bore.

You know that I loved her—I loved the dear creature—
No words can express it—my heart only knows
Its own palpitations, when that pretty feature
Was tinged with vermillion, like blush of the rose.

Since she is false hearted, away with your love now—
Ah, when did ye meet with a woman sincere ?
But that which I love now is stronger than her vow,
You ne'er met deceit in the Wadham stout Beer.

T. M.

They toped it in old Oxford town,
And sang the praises of the gown.
They toped it in the Mitre, and
They toped it at their chief's command.
And one in *Tournay's* livery
Smote loud the shutters—what cared he—
His bosom knew not ghostly fear,
For he was warmed with Wadham Beer.
They tossed the Tun—what toss-pots they—
But deuce a man would say him nay ;
But toasted Peg his black eyed lass,
Nor let the Tun his dry lips pass.

And rioted and roused the *Pros*,
 And eke they almost ~~er~~ ~~er~~ to blows.
 For what recked chieftain, what the seer,
 While he was quaffing Wadham Beer.

W. S.

Old Squire Mattocks lashed him at the bowl,
 It made him witty, and it cheered his soul.
 His guests were plenty—yet they seemed not gay—
 They wanted something—what he could not say—
His joy was centred in the claret rare—
They sought their favourite—it was not there—
 And though the liquors good, the bowl brim full,
 He talked and chatted—yet his guests were dull.
 He saw it, and he asked—for none was he
 That longed to view the end of revelry—
 “ What was the cause, that thus at midnight hour,
 Their wonted wit had lost its wonted pow'r ?
 There was no dearth of punch, or liquors, they
 Might mix their own—each in his fav'rite way.”
 They drank to please him, but 'twas very clear
 One thing was *wanting*—it was Wadham Beer.

G. C.

“ Why did you drink so much,” said one ;
 “ Indeed, I cannot tell.”
 'Twas evening, and poor Peter paused
 To hear the curfew knell.

“ Why dost thou halt,” his wife exclaimed,
 “ And, wherefore,” asked this one,
 “ Didst thou sit tooping e'en till now,
 “ The setting o' the sun.”

But Peter stood—his eyes stared wild—
 His head was far from clear—
 “ What made me stop so late,” wouldst know,
 “ Why, 'twas the Wadham Beer.”

W. W.

Will Whistle reeled it down the High Street,
He knew not but it was some by-street,
Because his head,
For so 'tis said,
Was not the thinnest—it was *thick*—
There's *nothing* in it—yet to pick
A bone with Will is not my meaning—
Though he was drunk, I'll not be screening
That from the reader.—Now Will met
His dear, his pet,
His lamb, that *petticoat*—odd's life !
I mean—his wife.
She caught Will's arm, who roaring swore,
He ne'er had been so drunk before.
“ You lie ”—says she—“ full well I know—
You're ever—dear ! how came you so ? ”
“ You lie ”—cries Will—“ What, what, ” says spouse,
She clenched her fist, her choler rose—
“ I lie ! I lie ! I say, you beast,
I do not—and at wake or feast
You're ever thus—your error's clear.”
“ Not so, ” quoth Will,
“ I've had my fill
But t' an't my fault ”—they made a halt—
“ Not yours ? ” “ No—the Wadham Beer ! ”

G. C.

**MAXIMS AND CONFESSIONS BY A RUSTICATED
OXONIAN.**

“ What news from Oxford ? hold those jousts and triumphs ? ”
Shakspeare's King John.

WHEN the sword of conquest was wrested from the hand of BUONAPARTE, and he was chained, Prometheus-like, upon a rock, where a vulture in the shape of a cancer, gnawed his ex-imperial liver, he was not altogether powerless—he still possessed a pen, by the help

of which he deluged Europe with sundry querulous and ponderous tomes-unreadable, as we ourselves have experienced, and unsaleable, as Colburn's groaning book-shelves can abundantly testify. That illustrious patriot and matchless blacking-maker, HENRY HUNT, amused himself during his incarceration at Ilchester, in writing unintelligible Memoirs, and that eminent theologian, RICHARD CARLILE, converted Dorchester Gaol into a regular Temple of the Muses. No wonder then, that with such illustrious examples before me—I, PETER TOMKINS, sometime Commoner of —— College, should betake me to my grey-goose-quill to solace me during the tedious interval which must elapse before I can return to the bosom of my beloved alma mater—yes—beloved, for a *dear*, a very *dear* mother has alma been to me. I am no ungrateful son—far from it—I readily acknowledge, and wish to make known, the benefits I have received at her hands—and hope that others may do, what I could never do myself—profit by my experience.

Perhaps, however, it may be as well, before I go regularly to work, to shew that I have had sufficient experience to qualify me to send forth MAXIMS.

I entered —— College some two years ago with an excellent constitution, a tolerable stock of school-learning, and very good prospects—lo! a few short months have made a sad change. I have ruined my constitution—my attainments are, for every purpose of after-life, perfectly useless, and my prospects are dark, sombre, and *dun*-coloured. Many and various have been my adventures—great and painful is my experience. I have ridden a match in Port-Meadow—tandemized it to Reading—cricketed at Boulingdon—hunted with the Berkeley—pulled in a racing boat—eaten fish at Bossom's—drank ale and been severely “*malt*” at Sandford—and been upset, and nearly drowned, after a larking expedition to Nuneham. These however are all *innocent* pleasantries. I have been *imposed* sixteen times in one term—twice confined to college by proctorial command—more than once sued in the vice-chancellor's court—and twice rusticated. I have lived for weeks in continual dread of that horrible monster, a *dun**—and though I have conti-

* “ Horrible monster
Hated by gods and men.”

nually sported oak, I have too often found my breakfast table covered with such agreeable intimations as the following :—

“ Mr. Tomkins to translate the 250th paper of the Spectator, and attend morning and evening chapel during term.”

“ Mr. Tomkins to transcribe 600 lines of the first book of the Iliad, *with the accents*, and confine himself to the walls till the whole be completed.”

“ SIR,—I am desired by Mr. —— tailor, to apply to you for the payment of a debt of £100. I would recommend you, in order to save further expense, to settle the account before Wednesday next.

“ I am, &c. &c. &c.

Hollywell.

“ W. Brown.”

	£.	s.	d.
Account	100	0	0
Letter	0	5	0
	<hr/>	100	5 0

In short, I have more or less partaken of all the “ agreeables ” of Oxford. I have played hazard at ——, and Rouge et Noir at ——. I have “ picked up ” a dog at Dolly’s—and fought a main of cocks at ——. I have studied *geology* under all its professors, from Buckland at the Ashmolean, to Best at the Quarries. I have gained a knowledge of anatomy from Kidd, and of Human Nature at Bagley. I am well versed in all the commentators, from *Schutz* of *Æschylus* fame, to *Schutz* of Summer-Town notoriety. I am well acquainted with *Hanmore*, though not with the quaint writer of that name, and though I have never read *Harris’s Hermes*, I know enough of the *former* to have had too much of the *latter*. Hotspur’s advice is to “ tell truth and shame the devil ! ” I defy any Oxonian of my standing to invalidate the truth of what I have asserted, and more, I defy him to prove that the first two years of nine-tenths of the undergraduates are *not* passed in some of the delectable pursuits I have enumerated. I throw down my gage—but prosing is very *slow* work—let us proceed to the MAXIMS.

I could wish that I had the wit and talent of the inimitable ODOHERTY, whose maxims in Blackwood are, by far, the most forcibly written and talented compositions of the age, and will be

read and admired long after Brougham has ceased to bully, Thomas Campbell to prose, and Sam Rogers to let bad puns. They form, indeed, a code of sage and sound morality, far more feasible than Jerry Bentham's metaphysics, or Birkbeck's philosophy. One of his maxims will be in general acceptation, as long as Englishmen eat beef and drink porter—I mean that celebrated one which sets down that “*A WHIG IS AN ASS!*” Our maxims indeed do not embrace so wide a field, as the jolly adjutant's—he legislates for the world—we treat of Oxford only. But our preamble is quite long enough—we must draw in our horns, or we shall be as tedious as Lord Gambier, and as prosy as squint-eyed Irving of the Caledonian.

MAXIM I.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that much learning is required at Oxford. If a man can construe a plain Latin sentence, and read the Greek characters, he is *fit* for the university—“*cramming*” is the thing. The Little-Go is the worst part of the business, because, for *that*, *some* knowledge of grammar is necessary; but even that may be got up in a short time, by the aid of a good “*crammer*.” A well educated school-boy is, at Oxford, on account of the number of asses there, quite a prodigy, and is immediately set down as a crack-scholar.

MAXIM II.

Never, if you can avoid it, become a member of a *small* college, “*alio nomine*,” a *raffish* one. If by holding back two years you can get into Oriel, Christ-Church, Brazen-Nose, St. John's, or the like, don't be in a hurry to go to college. Lincoln, Pembroke, and Queen's, (though this last is large enough,) are to be particularly avoided. Trinity is flash, but not genteel. Exeter is tolerable, but of all the colleges, University for my money!

MAXIM III.

Never except an invitation to dine at Brazen-Nose or Pembroke. The dinner at both is intolerable, and the “*malt*” execrable.

MAXIM IV.

The greatest bore in existence is a resident M. A. of more than three years standing.

MAXIM V.

It is almost impossible for the tutor of a college to be a gentleman. I have known several excellent fellows entirely spoilt by

accepting the office. They may continue tolerable for a short time, but they generally end in being bullies.

MAXIM VI.

It is a great mistake to suppose that Oxford abounds in good beer—it is almost as scarce as good wine. University and New have good “*malt*”—but that of St. John’s is superb. The latter college, indeed, is what they *all ought* to be, a palace of LEARNING, LOYALTY, and GOOD LIVING. Of the *inus*, the *Star*, the *Angel*, and the *Mitre* sport execrable beer—*Holland* draws excellent stuff, but even his tap must yield to *Chandler’s* of the *Horse and Jockey*. Cambridge, though infinitely inferior in every other respect, fairly beats Oxford in beer. *Probatum est.*

MAXIM VII.

Without their junior common-rooms, Pembroke and Jesus would be insupportable—it is scarcely possible to exist in them at present, even *with* these recommendations.

MAXIM VIII.

The office of proctor is an excessively disreputable one. A police-officer is an odious character enough, but a *sub-thief-taker* is as bad as Jack Ketch.

MAXIM IX.

If accosted by a proctor in an awkward situation, always brazen it out. A ready answer on such occasions is valuable. A respected friend of mine, whom I shall call Snuffle, was returning from a party (late one evening) at St. John’s, and having taken rather too much black-strap, unfortunately *tacked* across the road into Friar’s Entry, where he was soon accosted by one of the fair nymphs of that classic region—at this critical period, up walked * * * * * * * * * as gentlemanly a proctor as ever strutted in velvet. “Pray, sir, what have you to do with that woman?” Poor Snuffle reeled against a post—and looking the proctor impudently in the face with his half shut eyes, replied, “Lord! Mr. * * * * * * * * I was doing nothing—she said something to me, and I—I said to her—get along you b——h.” The proctor smiled, and Snuffle escaped.

MAXIM X.

Never lend your gown to a friend who is going to take an evening walk. I could give sound reasons for this maxim, but

unfortunately they are not of proper odour. If you do lend it, you will never be at a loss to understand Virgil's "*croceos odores.*"

MAXIM XI.

All freshmen are asses; they are generally as ignorant as sucking pigs, but invariably, on their entering the university, pretend to be *shadzar* men, and particularly *gnostic*. Such fellows should be made dead drunk, and then *cut*.

MAXIM XII.

Nothing can be so absurd as to offend the *decent prejudices* of any body of men. If you are invited to Jesus, say nothing to the disparagement of leeks and cheese; and at Wadham be particularly careful not to mention **THE THING.***

MAXIM XIII.

When a Pembroke man intends to give a party, (and there *have been* tolerable doings in that way there,) he should get 400 lines of Homer transcribed beforehand. That is the penalty.

MAXIM XIV.

Nine-tenths of the Oxford tradesmen are despicable wretches—the remaining portion almost as bad.

MAXIM XV.

Buy your wine in Oxford—it is dear; but good wine *is to be had* there. Should you have an acquaintance in the trade, avoid him or he'll certainly poison you. London wine-merchants have a notion that an Oxonian will drink any thing that is *called* wine. I have heard of a fellow offering claret at a very low rate—"not that I can recommend it, but *it will do for Oxford.*" Buy your wine of Butler.

Quis? Ubi?

(*To be continued.*)

* "Σωτεροις γαρ εισι μονοι τοις ημιν τηναν απονερασι."

Aristot. apud Aul. Gell. xx. 5.

A LAMENT.

BY A GRUB-STREET APOLLO.

Up in a garret very dark and drear,
With one poor one and twopence in my purse,
Penning a sonnet to the new-born year,
Knowing the worst which never can be *worse*.

To know and feel the stigma and the jeers,
Which every knave so ignorantly bellows,
It drives a genius madding, when he hears,
" Those *garretteers* are ever *lofty* fellows."

E'en I, whose boast is brandishing a pen
To Muse, who soars sky high, like Congreve's rockets,
Am the most miserable man of men,
Though having one and twopence in my pockets.

To hear a dun, or man of *bilious* look,
With mutton fist against thy portal knock it,
And know, thou his impertinence must brook,
While *only* one and twopence in the pocket.

To hear that dun for three and sixpence ask,
And in his small clothes hoping he may stock it;
To hear thee, *masculine*, obliged to *mask*
Thou hast a one and twopence in thy pocket.

To hear that dun of dungeon talk, or jail,
While fear and terror on thy features mount,
Much dreading, lest from his *impassion'd* tale,
He put thy one and twopence to account.

To see thy daughter in sad tatters live,
With handsome figure, and no dress to frock it,

She cannot be bediz'en'd, though you give
The one and twopence from without thy pocket.

And landlord coming for his rent to chase,
While her *own rents* collecting is thy daughter;
Or well-fed brewer, misnamed *Bom* face,
Charging for undischarged pots of porter.

To have all these, and other ills beside,
A hill of ills, and not the means to dock it,
Is the forerunner of thy fall in pride,
Through *only* one and twopence in the pocket.

To see the gills of chanticleer to glow,
And yet, like him, thou darest not to cock it,
For mortal never must attempt to *crow*,
With *only* one and twopence in the pocket.

To stand, with toothpick, at some tavern door,
Without the means of entering within,
To hear some cripple, shamming to be poor,
Whining and teasing with his begging din.

To hear him vow how, thirsty, he doth pant,
And no good tizzey for him—but to shock it,
To want the very power to be in want,
With *only* one and twopence in the pocket.

To see *John Ketch*, rope-tying, roguish elf,
With necklace ornament, like pendant locket,
Conscious, that were it for to save *thyself*,
Thou hast but one and twopence in the pocket.

And far, far more annoying, I must sing,
Aye, more alarming than a lawyer's docket,
Willing to give two shillings for a thing,
With *only* one and twopence in the pocket.

Like filthy dregs, or sediment remains,
 Like farthing rushlight wasting in the socket,
 Is the poor bard, who of a pound retains
 A single one and twopence in the pocket.

Ah! sure, my features must the fact disclose,
 A stubborn fact; I prithee, do not mock it—
 I am a gentleman in unpaid clothes,
 With *only* one and twopence in my pocket.

D. I. B. B. S.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF SIMON SWANSDOWN, TAILOR AND BREECHES MAKER.

CHAP. I.

"One that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in 't; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter."—*Shakspeare*.

MORALITY is the staple commodity of the age. We are fast becoming a virtuous people, that is to say, we abound in tread-mills, asylums, conventicles, and penitentiaries; our nobility is becoming pious, and attend prayer meetings and distribute Bibles; while the working classes are starving. I am not querulous—I am not, as my learned nephew would have it—

"Laudator temporis acti;"

but I detest humbug from whatever quarter it may spring, and I will maintain, that if morality increase in the next half century as much as it did in the last, our male population will be converted into Wilberforces, and our females into Frys.* I may be thought presumptuous—be it so; I am one of that much injured and calumniated class, the tailors. But what of that? is not the Westminster Review

* *Not Elliston's Mrs. Fry.*

the bantling of Place, the tailor of Charing-cross? And was not Thelwall a journeyman tailor? and was he not afterwards thought of sufficient importance to be tried for high-treason? and does he not teach elocution? and is he not now "John Thelwall, Esq." editor of the "Panoramic Miscellany?" And was not Thwaites, now the "Magnus Apollo" of the "Morning Herald," was he not, I say, a linen-draper, or, in other words, a woman's tailor? And was not that greatest of all the saints, Angel James, the anti-dramatist, (*Mr. Burn's Brummagem youth,*) a man-milliner? In fact, although *I* say it, tailors are, now-a-days, the great directors of literature and politics. Talk of tailors indeed! goose, cabbage, needle, thread, scissors, and shears, farewell! The spirit is strong within me, and I must write.

Ever since we ceased to be a *drinking*, and became a *thinking* people, every thing has gone wrong with us. Theodore Hook, who by the by, always writes under the influence of liquor, says, "that the habit of drinking has been banished from among the higher classes of society." What is the consequence? universal anarchy. Lord Liverpool has demeaned himself by associating with the greasy-faced, lank-haired saints of a Bible society; and Lord Gambier, (once a good and gallant tar, but now an old woman,) has shaken hands with Irving of the Caledonian, taken that *reverend* gentleman's watch in pawn, and given out a psalm at a meeting of Methodists. Now if Lord Liverpool had stayed at home, and stowed four bottles of claret under his belt, he would have benefited his country, by promoting the increase of her revenue, and prolonged his valuable life, by assisting his digestion. As for Lord Gambier, who being a sailor, *must know* the great utility and advantages of grog, I wonder that he should lend himself to a project for converting our swearing, roaring, pigtail-chewing, dram-drinking, jolly dogs of tars into a set of whining hypocrites, who will be at prayers, when they should be at their guns, and be thumbing their Bibles, when they are wanted to haul a cable. One thing only is wanting to render our navy irresistible—a double allowance of grog. Let the mainbrace be spliced every day, and we may defy the united navies of the world.

Nothing assists the wit so much as the bottle. Old Sheridan, who was certainly no bad judge of this sort of thing, used to say,

that "when the thought is slow to come, a glass of good wine quickens it; and when it does come, a glass of good wine rewards it." I recommend this maxim to the notice of Professor Milman, and I will bet a dozen of champaigne to a bottle of Cape, that, if he follows it, he will never be guilty again of such a tragedy as Anna Boleyn. Nothing but water and a vegetable diet could make the author of "The Fall of Jerusalem" write such lines as these—

"He lay whole hours before my worshipp'd feet,
Making the air melodious with his words:
 So fearful to offend, having offended,
 So fearful of his pardon, not myself
 More jealous of my maiden modesty."—P. 66.

This now is sad stuff. Hazlitt, or Leigh Hunt, or a tomtit *might* make love after this fashion; but the idea of that beer-swilling, bluff-headed, wife-killing, ruffianly old tyrant Harry the Eighth "making the air melodious with his words," and courting Anna Boleyn in this die-away sort of a style, is really too ridiculous. A little more of this *water* poet. Anna catches Harry gallivanting with Miss Howard, whereupon she gives us another description of his gallantry—

—————“I saw it—
 'Twas no foul vision, with unblinded eyes
 I saw it—his fond hands, as once in mine,
 Were wreathed in hers: he gazed upon her face,
 Even with those *sorcerous eyes, no woman looks at*—
 I know it, all too well—*nor madly dote.*”—P. 56.

“*Sorcerous eyes!*” If Mr. Milman had written *saucer-eyes* he would have been better understood, and his description would have been more just. Oh, this water drinking! it clouds the brain.—*Exempli gratia*—take the following exquisite specimen of bombast—

—————“But thou,
 That art a part of God's dread majesty,
 In whose dusk robe his own disastrous purposes

Th' Almighty veils, twin-born with destiny,
 Inexorable secrecy ! come, cowl
 This soul in deep impervious blackness ! grant
 I may deny myself."—P. 58.

Sheridan—I love to quote Sheridan, for he is the only witty Whig that ever existed,—once said, " When I can't talk sense, I always talk *metaphor*." Mr. Milman has acted up to this with a vengeance. However, there are some fine things in Anna Boleyn, well worthy of the Oxford Professor's fame ; and we will trouble Thomas Campbell, the is-to-be professor of poetry in the Gower-street university, to point out, at his leisure, any thing of his own half so fine as " The Protestant Hymn to the Virgin."

Nothing is to be done without copious potations. A fine poet is always a hard drinker. Whence sprung Byron's sublimity ? the gin-bottle was his Hippocrene. The tastes of Sir Walter Scott may be best known by his own poetry—

" The fatted haunch, and the grape's bright dye,
 Never bard loved them better than I."

Sheridan swilled brandy—Tom Moore delighteth in arrack punch. Two of these master-spirits are gone ; but the survivors drink and prosper. Leigh Hunt takes a single glass of weak gin and water, (" drink deep, or taste not,") just enough to make his spoony muse prurient and indelicate. Barry Cornwall, alias Billy Procter, is a determined water-drinker—no wonder his " *Deluge*" was a failure. Rogers and Campbell are water-gruel men—the consequence is, Rogers is yellow, and Campbell is guilty of such things as the " *Ritter Ban*." Hazlitt drinks lustily ; but his liquor clouds instead of brightening his fancy, makes him ill-natured, and covers his face with pimples. Volumes might be written on this subject, but Blackwood claims this as his own peculiar ground, and has indeed completely engrossed the cocknies. " *Periunt, qui ante nos nostra dixerunt !*" This article must not be considered at all personal. I am in the most indulgent humour possible ; besides, all this is no thing when compared with that which, by the kind permission of Mr. Marmaduke Merry, I shall propound next month.

E. L. L.

A GROAN—TO SUSAN.

O, SUSAN, Susan, hardy-fisted Sue !
To thrash your lover—I'm ashamed of you !
To box my ears—I meant not to offend !
Thou surely comest from the *Wapping* end.
Bethink thee, reader, she, who was as light
As some folk's character, or elfin sprite,
Has, like a barber, *lathered* me. O, shame
On womankind—not *kind*—I am to blame !
She *cuffed* me—Susan, thou vile, foul-mouth'd cavern !
Worse than would *Cuff* of the Free Mason's tavern.
She, who was weather wise as Wood's barometer,
She, whom I call'd my pretty faced *gassometer*, *
With passion glowing, bright as Even's star,
Has *struck* me, an I were a-light guitar.
How screamy were her squalls ! She scratch'd my face,
And *tore* me, an she were of *Tara's* race.†
I'll go abroad, dispirited, down-hearted,
Not *dead*, the papers shall announce "*departed*,
On Tuesday last, a gentleman quite hearty,
As great a beau as any *Beaunaparte*."
I'll die—it shall be in a decent manner,
At Bath, or in the temple of *Dian*a.
Or, if the temple don't my temper please,
Within the wealthy Durham *diocese* ;
Or, shoot myself with pistol, do you see,
Ovid's *Epistles* will best *do* for me.
O, nymph ! of comfort give me but a slice,
Devise some means, or make a mean device.
Bethink thee, nymph, how cruel it would prove,
If I, an innocent, should die for love,
Then would quaint annalist hereafter bother,
How guileless man once perish'd for another.
To weave me garlands do not flow'rets steal,
If I've a fillet, it shall be of veal.

* η Αφροδίτης βαφην, πταγγας ομιλανα.—Philostrati Epistole.

† "The harp (harpy?) that once through Tara's Hall."

Give me a branch of *yew*, fair nymph! so *dark*,
 Perhaps *Jonquils* would best become a *clerk*.
 I hate your lilies, creatures of an hour,
 Roses and jasmine, all, save *cauliflow'r*.
 Go, nymph, bring comfort—bring dear *Mary Gold*,
 Pshaw! like a bell, thou waitest to be *told*;
 Then, *GIN AND WATER*, thou must bring relief,
 And drown the tear, companion of my grief.

AH!

A TRIP TO PARIS.

“ I’ve been roaming, I’ve been roaming.”

BOOKMAKING has been so much the fashion for these last few years, that no one seems to think himself entitled to the character of a man of *parts*, till he has been served up to the public in one or two octavo volumes elegantly illustrated, and hot-pressed. Thus every one now a-days goes on his travels, and, as certainly, gives us an account of them; some of which are more to be commended for fertility of invention than depth of judgment, or accuracy of narration. When the public found, in this once interesting class of literature, a series of adventures that could only have taken place in the island of Utopia, they felt themselves compelled to give up a study which chimeras had rendered useless, and falsehood had degraded. From believing too much, they rushed into the opposite extreme, and scarcely any thing was related to which the slightest credit was attached: the assertions of a Pocock were disregarded, and the veracity of a Bruce impeached.

I am satisfied, that on my first appearance I shall be hailed as some new hero of romance, deeply read in the history of fiction, and teeming with improbabilities; but can assure you, dearest reader, I am not in the slightest degree related to Major Longbow, or the illustrious Baron Munchausen, and this “ round, unvarnished tale” will, I hope, soon convince you of my sincerity. As it would be difficult to name any part of this habitable globe, which has not been previously visited and described, I may perhaps stand excused for giving a short account of my trip to Paris, and the impressions that

country made upon my mind, when compared with my own, especially since I mean to speak more of those I met with on my way, than of the appearance and resources of the districts through which I passed. The recollection has often pleased myself, and the recital may amuse others. Half a century ago a journey of this length would have been considered a dangerous excursion. Our grandfathers and grandmothers used to say their prayers, and settle all their worldly business, before they left London for Yorkshire; and the poor countryman, who made such a tour as that I am about to describe, would have talked of his voyages and travels, and been looked upon as the village oracle ever after. I do not myself aspire to so much honour, and shall be fully satisfied if I can obtain a place in the pages of the *Literary Lounger*.

Towards the close of a summer's day we quitted the shores of "merry England." As the weather was extremely hot, most of the passengers kept the deck to a late hour; for my part, I hate the inside of a cabin, therefore did not quit it throughout the night, but sat watching the monarch of light as he sank gradually into the bed of ocean, and bathed his burning temples in the cool wave. Night seemed envious of the gratification I received in contemplating this delightful scene; for, spreading her dusky wings, she soon overshadowed the landscape, and though anxious to see a foreign land, I never beheld my native cliffs with deeper interest, or lost sight of them with more regret.

Methinks I see my father now, as he walked up the cabin stairs at daybreak, and looked anxiously round in search of me; but having shrouded myself in a military cloak, and laid down at a distant part of the deck, I for some time escaped observation, and the motion of the vessel gave me no great desire to move. He had been recently suffering from the gout, and stood before the astonished passengers in all the paraphernalia of a man habituated to that complaint. His long flannel gown, which the wind occasionally removed, showed a pair of lamb's-wool stockings drawn high above the knee, looking for all the world like a pair of seven-leagued boots; and the hat, which he had put on over his nightcap, just admitted the tassel of that useful garment to float and bob behind like a pig-tail. "For heaven's sake," said B——, struck with his grotesque appearance, "who is that gentleman?" The captain, a friend of

our own, gave the necessary information, and, as he had long known him by name, B—— seized upon this opportunity to introduce himself, and proved a most entertaining companion during the rest of the journey. I, who had been laying all night in a *serpentine* form, began at last to cast my *slough* with the intention of looking after those around me. I love to examine character, and many of the passengers seemed to be good *anatomical* subjects. "I fear," said an elderly gentleman in a bobwig, "Mrs. Gradus is still very unwell." "Sic est," replied Mr. G. We had taken our pilot on board, and were fast approaching the harbour of Dieppe, at which I inwardly rejoiced, having been in *terror* ever since I came on board, and hoping soon to get a *firmer* footing on shore. Believe me, I am none of your *ei-devant* sailors. There was an Irish woman on board, who had withdrawn from the public view, and was concealing about her person what she imagined to be contraband goods; but I, though by no means a Paul Pry, had detected her, and perceiving this, she came forward to give some account of herself, and ask advice. We endeavoured to persuade her she was taking very wrong measures, upon which she exclaimed, "Arrah! honey, and is it to you I'm telling all this? perhaps, too, you're the very man above all others that'll inform against me?" After assuring the lady that no such hostility was intended, she became somewhat more calm, and we parted pretty good friends, never expecting to meet again. We saw her, however, just as she was coming from the custom-house, irritated more with personal than national enmity against the French. She accosted us immediately in the open street, "Ah! would you believe it, would you believe it, when I went to clear my luggage, I was seized, without any ceremony, by great, tall French devils, and searched absolutely from head to foot?" The fact was, by a strenuous opposition, she awakened the suspicion of the excise, and a rigorous search was the consequence. The Irish are like a fine bottle of spruce *scrup*, that the least touch is sufficient to remove the cork.

The sudden transition from the neat, unpretending dress of England to the fantastic habiliments of the men and women of Dieppe, affords ample scope for amusement. I am here speaking of the lower order of society, which crowded hastily around us, as our vessel entered the harbour, with their high caps, pending flaps, long

gold drops in their ears, short petticoats, and wooden shoes ; whilst the men swaggered about with all the air of nobility. The beams, which cross the houses in every direction, are painted different colours, and coming in a row have a most fanciful effect, and remind us forcibly of the olden times. We left the town however with all the *Diligence* imaginable, for there is scarcely any thing worthy of remark except the church and crucifix. The lamps on the approach to Rouen are slung across the roads by cords, moving backwards and forwards with the wind. Their *light* motion reminded one of rope dancers ; but I looked with ineffable contempt upon the bridge, whose projector seemed to have emulated the absurdities of Xerxes, and whose builder I could not help thinking must have been *in-sane* : the cathedral, indeed, contains something well calculated to rouse the attention of an Englishman, for I should little envy him, who could contemplate the grave of our first William without some feelings of interest and respect. The loud crack of the postillion's whip at length announced our arrival. Like most travellers, as we hurried through its dirty streets, I began to rejoice at the near prospect of rest and refreshment. Having reached our hotel, and taken a seat at the dinner-table, the first course was served, consisting of stewed kidneys, and trifles of a similar nature ; " Well," said I, " this is all very well by way of preface, I suppose the work is to come." On turning to inquire of the waiter, he told me, with a great many bows and shrugs of the shoulders, that there was another *hot dish* in preparation : we waited for some minutes with exemplary patience, but the second course did not make its appearance, and every man's appetite became sharpened by the delay. A gentleman-at my elbow, smacking his lips, and winking in a most significant manner, whispered in my ear, " depend upon it, sir, this will be excellent, when it-arrives ; something quite in their own way." And so it proved, when presenting to the astonished eyes of my famished companions—a cauliflower.

Not very well satisfied with the fare, we determined on the following morning to continue our route. The passengers on this occasion were the captain of an English merchantman, and an honourable knight of the thimble, the latter of whom was continually priding himself upon his cunning and address, yet ever the victim of duplicity. My friend B—— endeavoured to show him how

much he had been imposed upon in a recent speculation ; " what ! " said the tailor, " cheat me ? no, no, sir, it is impossible, I sail too near the wind." Notwithstanding this boast, we saw him swindled by some of the inhabitants of the next town in the most barefaced manner imaginable ; how could it be otherwise, he neither understood the language nor habits of the country. The little captain, too, who sat *yard-arm* and *yard-arm* with the above, as he was transferred from one vehicle to another, requested us to inform the *conducteur*, that " though he did not speak *French*, he knew when he was *well treated*." In their mode of conveyance in France they are at least half a century behind us, ropes are no adequate substitutes for the neat harness used in England, and the drivers, if seen in Money's or Truefit's shop, might easily be mistaken for an importation of bears. Whilst changing horses, one of the animals seized the neck of another with his teeth, when the postillion, in order to correct vice, and teach patience, with a loud burst of passion, and somewhat new oath (*sacre nom de Diable*) first lashed the biter, and then the bitten.

We at length reached Paris, and entered eagerly into the amusements of the city ; I was whirled down the Russian Mountains with a velocity that threatened a speedy entrance into the other *world*, and lounged with the sprigs of fashion in the Champs *Elisées*, whither (they say) when engaged in literary pursuits, Fontaine resorted to compose, the sceptical reader may exclaim, *Fables* ! We next visited the *Louvre*, but the brilliancy and magnificence displayed in this matchless collection must be examined in person by all who would duly appreciate its value. Stripped, as it had been by the allies at the time I saw it, it still presented an assemblage of pictures, such as no country in Europe could boast ; the eye dwelt upon them for hours with unabated rapture, and the mind found constant food for the most delightful contemplation : their statues also are extremely fine, and they deserve the warmest commendations for the taste and judgment they have displayed in the selection. These treasures are thrown open for public inspection twice in the week, but, with a liberality that generally characterizes this people, foreigners are allowed to view them six days out of the seven.

Who, that has strolled with delight through the gardens of the *Tuileries*, and revelled in the beauties of *Versailles* and *St. Cloud*,

does not turn with regret to his own country, and mourn over the workshop of the unpatronized statuary ; here all strive to adorn their own houses, but none wish to ornament the kingdom. Why do we not endeavour to outstrip our neighbours in the cultivation of the fine arts, as much as we have surpassed them in the exercise of arms ? John Bull, though somewhat rough in his disposition, may easily be tamed, for his ears are ever open to the call of honour and patriotism ; he has successfully followed the sound of the *horn*, and capered nimbly amongst the *frogs*, who in vain emulated his size ; he saw himself their conqueror, but had too much good sense to destroy their pictures, or *macadamize* their statues. The politeness of the French, as a nation, may be attributed to two causes ; first, the general diffusion of knowledge, and secondly, the fine arts being placed within the reach of the people, who, by constant intercourse, contract a love for them, thus the intellect becomes expanded, and the taste refined. Might not this be attempted in England with some rational hope of success, throw open our institutions to the public at large, and let foreigners enter them without trouble or expense. Where have we any thing to compare with the walks I before named ? It is not the fault of the land, but of its inhabitants ; nature has done her part, let art now be put in requisition : our parks are not inferior to those on the continent, and Kensington Gardens are admirably adapted for a promenade ; in short, if the water were cleansed, and had a slight rail thrown round it, with some good statues scattered amongst the trees, in the same way as those at the Tuilleries, we might safely challenge the whole world to competition.

E***s.

AN ALLEGORY.

YE lovers of knowledge give ear to my story,
Much truth is contain'd in a short allegory.
In the yard of my neighbour a fine pullet grew,
The pride of her mother, the elder of two.
And to keep her from danger, or aught that could harm her,
Was the care day and night of the good-natured farmer.
The pullet grew larger and finer apace,
Increasing in beauty, in stature and grace,

Yet something appeared to be wanting e'en then
To make her as happy as may be a hen.
Her appetite left her she could not tell why,
And her white bosom heaved a deep, half-smothered sigh ;
She passed by her barley and crumbs in disgust,
Her plumage all drooped, and her tail sweep'd the dust.
Alas ! sighed the farmer, the chicken will die,
Alas ! his dame echoed with tears in her eye,
Let us send for the duckling old Thomas has reared,
That my darling may be by her company cheered.
The duckling, the fairest by far of its breed,
Was sent for in hopes that the chicken might feed,
And quiet her good-natured master's alarms,
When solaced by friendly society's charms.
But the best plans, alas ! will at times miss their end,
The chicken grew worse at the sight of her friend,
Who, seeing the dear creature's life was at stake,
By the Doctor's advice sent for young Billy Drake.
On the brother's arrival the malady fled,
Soon the patient was able to leave her sick bed,
And, when she 'gan ogling the handsome young stranger,
The Dr. pronounced her to be out of danger.
But, to make the assurance they had doubly sure,
They resolved upon trying some means for a cure.
Quoth the Dr. " I fear not to meet with miscarriage,
For the mode I prescribe is the young people's marriage."
Said the farmer, " So be it." The chicken said nought,
But the glance of her eye was expressive of thought,
For, when the sensations of females are strong,
The intenseness of feeling will silence their tongue.
The parson, a turkey-cock, mounted an old tree,
To unite them in sight of the neighbouring poultry.
The cuckoo was present to add his amens,
The assembly consisted of ducks, geese, and hens,
And the two came in sight of the whole congregation
Desirous of hearing the solemnization.
(Or as some people deem it the mere ceremony)
Of the holy estate which is called matrimony.

The drake was adorned with as many a hue
As the sunbeams reflect in the spangles of dew.
But white was the colour the pullet displayed,
As suiting the purity fit for a maid.
They stood up in front of the turkey-cock's altar,
The bridegroom was firm, but the bride seemed to falter.
Her voice lost its function, her blood felt a chill,
When pronouncing the awful engagement "I will!"
Her presentiment told her misfortunes were nigh,
And they were fulfilled ere the thought was gone by.
In the crowd that assembled these nuptials to grace,
A young game cock was present of unsullied race,
Whose sire many praiseworthy battles had won,
And his spirit still breathed in the veins of his son.
Like lightning he darted, like lightning he struck,
And slew the unfortunate son of a duck.
He staggered—he tottered—he screamed—and he fell,
The blithe wedding peal grew a funeral knell,
And the foul spirit rose up to bear him to hell.

HUM.

THE EDITOR'S BOX.

It has often occurred to us that our EDITOR'S Box might be likened to a beetle trap, the contents of which are generally consigned to the fire. Were but our readers aware of the intense difficulties connected with our office, we would wager a round sum, that the one half would thrust their tongues into their cheeks and chuckle out, "poor devils! they have some trouble to please us;" while the kinder hearted—the ladies perhaps—would actually sigh in commiseration of our labour. The Editorial Box often contains letters of abuse that would make the vulgarest fishwoman blush, and droop her diminished head, satisfied that the writer had beaten her out of the field. This the author considers *wit*. Mercy upon us! wit is truly indefinable. Then, silly lovers, with minds as narrow as the black hole of Calcutta, puling and muling, transmit sonnets to what they call 'heir "*First Loves*.'" It would be happy for us were but that first the last, or that they began with the end, we should then

know how to deal with them. Now, some asinine school-boy, who signs himself *Draco*, (duckling, goose, or any other silly bird were more appropriate,) hands us the upheaving of his infant muse. Happy youth! (could he think so.) had he strangled that muse in its birth, and stuck to his ledger as a good boy should have done. It would really frighten the reader to hear of the firing that monthly takes place at our office. The innocents are consigned to the flames. Odes to one-eyed fiddlers, duck-legged chambermaids, simpering misses, twaddling matrons, cock-eyed jilts, all are consigned to the blazing furnace, and made as light as their intrinsic value! Like Indian widows they are burned, and complain not. Inoffensive, harmless muse, why trust thy thoughts to such bunglers, who, even worse than echoes, catch not thy sound at second hand.

It has been matter of surprise to us from whom the greater part of the nonsense verses can proceed. We have more than once suspected that arch wag, Walker, the twopenny, of being concerned in the affair. We have seen him leer so knowingly, as he leaves in our office a cleanly looking, tidily folded, school-boy like scribbled thick one, and exclaims, "I say, governor, there ought to be double post for this here sizer." However we discovered the man of letters really could not write. Then we bethought us of the watchman, but, singular to relate, that worthy, when he looked at the dial of the parish clock, could not tell what hour it represented. But he knew the quarters and halves, because "the old gentleman"—as he expressed it—"then opens his jaws to speak." We recollect one evening, a cart happening to pass as the clock struck, Charles heard it not; and the watchman actually asked another, "What is it o'clock, my jewel?" Of course so illiterate a being could not manage his Christmas verses, and we shrewdly suspect that the man employed upon that occasion duns all the Editors' "ordine longo" throughout the remainder of the year. We once suspected our cook of favouring us with some Lines to Greece, and, to make trial, offered the foolscap sheet of rhymes as a covering for the sirloin of beef. She appropriated it accordingly. Give the devil his due, she could not have been the authoress, although we thought she had saved the long quills from the goose's wings to supply her with pens for the occasion.

Besides, the trouble of having to wade through sheets of bungling

verse is nothing compared to the abuse that follows the rejection of an article. The anonymous writer, possessing the advantage of being unknown, attempts to bully us into the belief of having done him an injustice, forgetting that we really did apply his verses to some purpose, though we need not explain how. Poor little cobblers—for since Bloomfield they have become *notorious*—imagine the shafts they aim at us are as pointed as their awls, and, perhaps, our correspondent, S. N. O. B. will take our hint. It is true that we have many good articles from our known and valued friends, but how little are they compared to the mass of ignorant absurdity issuing from the anonymous. The literary drones seem even more abundant than the bees, the former swarm almost to the expulsion of the latter, until weighed in the balance, and then, like a dog with a pole cat, we turn away disgusted. However, there are articles, that are not altogether bad, and parts of which indeed may be called good, the which we frequently find in our *Editor's Box*, and, as we ought to make some distinction, we shall occasionally select the weeds from the flowers, and thereby print those which we deem most worthy the reader's attention. We, therefore, commence with a Parody, from Oxford, on the death of General Sir John Moore.

Not a clock was heard, nor St. Thomas's note,

As his carcase we hurried to college,

For the gown at the Mitre had *gone to pot*,

Which had injured his box of knowledge.

We carried him off to St. Mary Hall,

By pretty Miss Gardner's turning,

And we gave the porter a deuce of a bawl,

And put out the lamp light burning.

Adown on the carpetless floor he sunk,

For sleep had assuredly bound him,

So he snored like a *gemmen* uncommonly drunk,

With his commoner's gown around him.

There we bundled him *bosky* to bed,

And laughed at his features of sorrow,

We thought what the commoner now so drunk dead

Would say to his tutor to-morrow.

We thought, how the claret would bother his head,
 And how that nosey, the doctor,
 Would give imposition, and what could be said
 By way of excuse to the proctor.

Sure in the *black book* his name they'll store,
 At college collections upbraid him ;
 But he cares for nought, by that musical snore
 Which thanks for the homage we paid him.

When we tucked him up—and could do no more—
 At the fall of our hero sighing,
 We heard, by the distant bull dog's roar,
 The proctors were after us hieing.

Loud was the din—away we ran,
 For we wished not the proctor to handle,
 So we left to his rest the drunken man,
 But, first of all, put out his candle.

The next correspondent sends us an "Ode to Margate." We give the commencement, the only part worthy of insertion.

Of Margate pleasures would I sing,
 And of its *Pier*, the *Pier*-ian spring.
 Of public breakfasts, and of dinner,
 And thin men walking *παρα θινα*.
 And where you pay *bobs* six or seven
 For public concerts *to be given*.
 Where steam boats do to London go up
 With civil captains used to blow up.
 Coaches bringing cart loads down
 Of cockneys who go out of town.
 And where the wag, who fashion culls,
 Comes to see a *flock of gulls*.

"Si sic omnia dixisset." The season which brought with it the cauliflower seems to have excited several of our friends to write; instance the following

EPICRAM.

O, if I must be deep in love,
And own the urchin's pow'r!
Let it be very deep indeed
In love of cauliflow'r.

And the song, by a correspondent signing himself D.

My love is as tongued as the Tower of Babel,
The greatest of towers that ever was made;
She cuts out watch papers so skilful and able,
And yet is a straw bonnet builder by trade.

Her nose is as curved as the spout of tea-kettle,
Her eyes are as black as black-pudding, I guess;
Her wit is so sharp that it stings like a nettle,
And what she can't do she will never profess.

Her breath is as sweet, very nearly, not quite,
As the warm glowing breeze o'er Arabian bow'r,
As an Eden of flow'rets I love her, and might,
But I don't, think her equal to fine cauliflow'r.

Our correspondent Y sends three Epigrams.

I.

“ You want,” dear Pat, “ bekase I've money,
To rob me of the prize.”
“ O, now, upon my soul, my honey !
I would but steal your eyes.”

II.

Nothing, they say, we all shall be.
“ Nothing we were,” said sturdy Joe.
That nothing you are, all agree,
Though lusty, good for nought, I trow.

III.

To think that the beef should be done into rags,
Is enough to make any man vapour;
While the landlady says, as she asks for our *mags*,
Such rags would make excellent paper.

The next, which we feel at all inclined to publish, is a parody on the favourite song of “ Strike the light Guitar.” Our correspondent informs us that it was written and sung by the Lord Mayor on the

swan-hopping expedition. It is, however, very foolish; but, of course, the silliness of distinguished individuals is to be tolerated, we shall therefore give one verse as a specimen of his *Worship's* talents.

But, when she reached the Ward of Cheap,
 Her loss she did deplore,
 And vept as much as she could veep,
 And never vept no more.
 But would you have a splendid ray,
 To shine like Waithman's star,
 Why take a flint within your hand,
 And strike a light, Guitar!

You see what the Lord Mayor warbles at city swan-hoppings. This man is a specimen of the rise of intellect about the neighbourhood of Guildhall. We do not exactly understand it, but our correspondent says, "it was sung with good emphasis and discretion, and elicited much applause."

The best thing we have had among the prose articles is some "Committals Extraordinary," from which we select the following. "Samuel Rogers was indicted for stealing—a joke, the property of one Joseph Miller, &c. It appeared upon evidence that the accused had been frequently seen to loiter about a banking office in the city, and was a known character. The magistrate observed that *appearances* were decidedly against him, and he was remanded to give other authors an opportunity of attending. The case excited much interest, it being supposed that the accused had long indulged in this plan of pilfering."

"A huge gross man, calling himself *Sir* William Curtis, stood accused of *cutting* the city dinners. The case was plain, and the magistrate ordered him to pound stones at Hastings during his pleasure, upon the plea that, in cutting a city dinner, the Baronet had *committed* himself."

"A glutinous looking actor, named Pope, was charged with eating too much at the Theatrical Fund Dinner, and villainously marring a fowl, by cutting it *fouly*. He was committed to take his trial under Lord Ellenborough's act for *cutting and maiming*."

And thus, for the present, close we our *Editor's Box*, hoping that we have satisfied *some* correspondents, in thus bringing them out to the notice of our readers.